

MCGILL DAILY CULTURE

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Hartt's hallucinatory mushroom omelette

by Mani Haghighi

A lot of Canada-trotters think they don't know who Reg Hartt is, but they're wrong.

Reg Hartt is the man responsible for all of those clumsily photocopied handbills with pictures of Bugs Bunny that are stapled and glued to the walls around Toronto. Those posters are ads for his Sex and Violence Animation Film Fest, a collection of cartoons from all over the place by all sorts of people (including Walt Disney) depicting cartoon characters fucking or chopping each other's heads off. Fun stuff.

One of Hartt's alternate fetishes has to do with surrealist films, and he's now taking that fetish on tour, arriving at the Rialto cinema on Friday, February 22 to present his *Anarchist, Surrealist, Hallucinatory Film Festival*.

The festival is a collection of thirteen gaslight-vintage flicks, ejaculated forth from the minds of men like Luis Bunuel and Marcel Duchamp (not to mention madman theatre-guru Antonin Artaud, whose *The Seashell and the Clergyman*, rarely seen in Montréal or anywhere else, is included in the program).

More interesting than all this, however, might be Hartt's introduction to the fest, an hour-long stream-of-consciousness affair which is to be, needless to say, unplanned, unorganised and very provocative: hopefully provocative enough to cause a riot down Parc street before the poor Rialto projectionist has a chance to load the flicks onto the machine.

This latest episode in Hartt's story goes five years back to the time when the Reverend Stuart Coles of the Toronto Bathurst Street United Church invited him to initiate riots in his church. It was perhaps superfluous of Hartt to describe the man as "not your average minister."

Since then, the people who used to lend their ears to the words of

Rev. Coles have decided to shop for the Truth and Jesus Combo in some other religious institution. And Hartt has devised his 'performance art' lecture on the theme of "The Nearer the Church, the Farther from God," pouring it down the eager ears of

the Canadian youth.

The Montréal version will be around an hour long and will attempt to "stretch the limits of audience patience". In harmony with the true spirit of Dada, Hartt would probably like to invite his audience

to bring along their buckets of decomposing tomatoes and baskets of rotten eggs to throw at him at their own leisure, though he wouldn't actually come out and ask for this, as it would take away the element of spontaneity and ruin the surprise.

Speaking of eggs, Hartt thinks of people's minds as eggshells: he keeps going on about how people should break out of these shells and fry their grey matter under the heat of the truth, which, for him, is that of Christ our Saviour. I have a feeling Hartt has mushrooms on his mind, a sort of a mind-expanding mushroom omelette.

Speaking of mushrooms, one of the most exciting films that are to be screened after Reg Hartt has provoked his riot is James Watson and Melville Weber's homo-surreal version of the Old Testament, *Lot in Sodom*, which allegedly depicts a harvest of penises mushrooming out of a fertile field to stop up the access and passage of grandpa Moses's remorse. Fun stuff.

Also included are *The Fall of the House of Usher*, also by Watson and Webber, which has more to do with the filmmakers' experiments with opium than anything Edgar Allan Poe ever wrote. *Return to Reason*, *Emak Bakia*, *L'etoile de mer*, and *The Mystery of the Chateau of Dice*

are all by Man Ray and so must be seen.

The more predictable inclusions are Dali and Bunuel's *Un Chien Andalou*, Cocteau's *Blood of a Poet* and Ballet *Macanique* by Leger, which after the first viewing becomes tedious and boring and downright unbearable. It gives you enough time to unwrap your brownies, and by the time it ends you'll be floating - if your shit is any good.

The show costs \$8 but is probably worth it. It starts at 21h30 at the Rialto, 5723 Parc on Friday, February 22 and never ends.



A Lot of penises, from Watson and Webber's film version of the tale of Sodom.



Culture overdrawn at the data bank

by Will Richards

Canadians are often split into two minds. One borders on an almost nationalist sentiment of our uniqueness while the other concedes that we are just the poor imitators of our southern counterparts.

Much lip service is done in the name of our 'cultural identity' but when it comes down to the dirt and grime of free trade, we are more than willing to give up what's ours.

This split shows through in the recent goings-on around the sale of a crucial library data-base.

Since 1965, the University of Toronto Library Services has built up what without doubt is the most complete bibliographical data-base of Canadian library holdings, including books, periodicals and pamphlets.

Canadians sank much time, brain power and money into this network to service the country's library needs. It is easily accessible and often used Canada-wide to find out who has what. The system is maintained by the individual libraries, but managed by the owners.

In 1985, the data-bank was purchased by International Thompson, a Toronto-based media conglomerate. Recently, Thompson looked at the balance sheets of the data-base and found what no business likes to

see - a deficit. They also felt they were a little out of their field of expertise. Their solution? Dump the sucker.

In comes OCLC, an Ohio based non-profit outfit that operates a network of on-line information around the continent. (The non-profit aspect is strictly on paper - this company is far from a charity.) The potential sale of the data-base has many people in the Canadian library world concerned.

Marion Scott of the National Library in Ottawa sees the deal as a potential loss of Canada's control over the index to its cultural resources. "Potential slacking of the maintenance and up-dating of the system is our main concern, especially the bilingual aspects of the system," she said.

This is the basic sentiment echoed by librarians across the country, as well as groups like the Coalition for Arts Heritage Preservation. The Coalition's Lawrence Adams wonders how a company from Ohio can possibly understand and represent Canadian needs in this field. (Don't we all.)

"Imagine a truck loaded with all the card-catalogues of Canadian libraries crossing the border," said Adams to illustrate his point.

A possible remedy has been of-

fered by PKM Software from Brandon, Manitoba, who recently offered a joint venture with OCLC, the controlling interest to be held by the Canadian company. However, PKM must wait until OCLC has studied the present proposal from Thompson before any advances can be made.

A tangled web

Now we move on to speculation and corporate rumour. Apparently, OCLC has turned down the deal with Thompson as a "non-lucrative proposal," opening the door for talks with Manitoba's PKM. Indeed a tangled corporate web. At this point in time it looks as if, one way or the other, the data-base is not moving to Ohio.

For now, Thompson is certainly looking to unload the burden of this quality, concise data-base on someone; it's just a question of who. While PKM is interested, they may not be in the financial position to buy the whole system.

This brings up the whole reason why this sale has become such an issue. Thompson offered to sell the data-base to OCLC in the first place because of the easy access Americans now have to Canadian commodities because of free trade. Business is business is business.

The data-base is the kind of property John Crosbie promised to protect, yet nothing can be done legally to stop the transaction.

Nothing in the free trade agreement addresses this problem in concrete terms - vagueness is the opiate of the masses when it comes to free trade, it seems. Nothing has been done or proposed by either the federal or provincial governments to help keep the data-base in Canadian hands.

If the government had any intention of making good their guarantee of protection for Canadian culture against American financial controllers, it would have set up genuinely useful legislation, or would make the funds available to keep what's Canadian in Canada.

If the system leaves, it could set a precedent for the sale of 'cultural identity' to U.S. interests. As it stands, the sale of the system is exclusively a decision of International Thompson - and history paints a mean landscape when corporate interests make cultural decisions.

Should we be concerned?

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Reg Hartt: his name is mud in the U of T film department.

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On the front lines of the music biz

by Ken King

So you wanna be a rock'n'roll star. Or industrial, or grunge rock or whatever. Frontline Assembly have been living that lifestyle for a few years now (try four), and it has its moments. But most of it's like this:

Tons of media interviews, sound checks, "cursed Nine Inch Nails stickers" and crossed wires all over the place. Just part of what Frontline Assembly faced on Tuesday as they brought "their brand of heavy electro-dance" (as their PR terms it) to Foulfoules Electric.

During the sound-check the two band members (Bill Leeb and Rhys - pronounced Reese - Fulber) were off to do an interview with Brave New Waves on CBC radio, then to come back to the bar for two more interviews. Then, supposedly, they were to squeeze in an on-air spot on CKUT. Right.

The Brave New Waves interview turned out to be a complete profile - besides the talk, host Brent Bambury played eight of their songs. It took over 40 minutes, and by the time they returned to Foulfoules, they were - count 'em - 60 minutes behind schedule.

They did the TV interview, which graciously took only about 15 minutes of their time. At which point hunger and fatigue and just-plain-sickness at talking about themselves had set in. So they sloughed off the CKUT broadcast and arranged a post-show interview.

Meanwhile a lineup had started: the huddled masses who actually believed the billed opening time of 20h00. Hah! The actual plan was for 22h00 (much more civilized anyway) and the band, in its vague disdain for time, actually went on stage a half hour after that. Rhys spent most of that time shmoozing with fans near the t-shirt booth.

They took to the stage, obscured by an overabundance of smoke machine fog, in and around their slide and film show and side-stepping the mounds of electronic equipment scattered everywhere about them.

From about halfway through the band's first song, the audience was a sea of bobbing heads, too sophisticated to actually dance, but showing how susceptible they were to primal rhythms. A boot-stomping dance melee broke out on the west end of the floor during the third song and the dance bug infected about half the audience eventually, while the other half stood with folded arms and scowled at the waves of beat-freaks crashing into their ranks.

An hour-long show and two encores later, the band escaped to their dressing room, where the real-world concerns of rider beer, fans and drugs took over.

The only one who seemed to care that the stage hadn't been taken down yet was their tour manager (read professional worrywart) as all the members of the tour grabbed

beers before they disappeared down the throats of hangers-on.

All in all, a pretty good life.

Leeb has been doing this for awhile, doing some time with another Canadian band, Skinny Puppy. For its part, Frontline Assembly got together in 1987, taking a few months off touring here and there to return to their native Vancouver and record an album.

The latest result is *Caustic Grip*, a top-notch industrial (even though they don't really like to use the word) album using just the right combinations of found sounds and manufactured music. They enjoy their instruments just as much as any musician does, perhaps even more so, because synthesizers allow them so much freedom to create.

The tour in support of the album has taken them across the United States, where they have been opening for Killing Joke. They're now headed across Canada and through some northern U.S. towns. But they probably won't be performing in Vancouver.

They've never played a show in their hometown, partly because they've never been booked, and partly because they don't find it fun to perform in front of an audience made up entirely of friends and other musicians.

"Everyone's a musician in Vancouver," according to Leeb. "Everyone's a critic."

Not that criticism bothers them much. In fact, they feel criticism justifies their existence, Leeb said. "If the critics started to say we were respectable, it'd be time to hang it all up, call it quits."



Birth of a Nation: Cuban cinema and its beginning

by Stefan Verna

Discussing Cuban cinema leads invariably to its link to the Castro Revolution. The two have teamed up to create and illustrate the possibility of a truly National Cinema.

But what exactly defines a National Cinema? Is it a film culture that attempts to represent the hopes and realization of a nation? A cinema which courageously keeps the pulse of its people? Or simply a cinema which, instead of falling prey to artistic self-consciousness, has managed not to alienate its indigenous audience in the search for international laurels?

Cuban Cinema has fulfilled all the above definitions, plus at the same time making Cuba one of the few countries outside the U.S. and France to have sustained a constant level of production since the beginning of 'contemporary' cinema (about 1959).

Neither Canada nor Great Britain, with much greater population bases, can claim this achievement. How does a country with barely 11 million inhabitants possess such a prolific and mature film culture?

The retrospective of Cuban Cinema presented by the Cinémathèque Québécoise is both a tribute and a salute to the fervor and vitality of the Cuban people. It is the most complete retrospective ever assembled in North America, presenting the first 60 years of Cuban cinema through 148 short and feature-length films.

It represents a unique chance to

witness through specific viewing the radical changes which took place in Cuban society after 1959.

Following the 'prise du pouvoir' by Fidel Castro's rebels, one of the first priorities was to decolonize the psyche of its people from the imperialist culture which had victimized Cubans since the U.S. had designated Cuba as its 'playground'. (We can even go back as far as the 19th century, when Spain held an imperialist claim on the island.)

In 1961, the creation of the ICAIC (Cuban Institute of Cinematographic Art and Industry) was the first step into the very arduous process of defining a national identity and an anti-bourgeois ideology. It was modeled after similar film centres in Eastern Europe; it served as a film school, a film studio, and even housed a film publication.

The institute's main purpose was to create and sustain an autonomous film industry. Its spiritual founders had envisioned a cinema in total opposition to the Hollywood model, which would be able to represent, inform, analyse and radically change the specific conditions of their compatriots.

Aesthetically, Cuban film directors began exploring the blossoming cinemas of other countries: the New Wave in France, the Free and Direct Cinema in the U.S., and reexamining the principal source of all these movements: Italian Neorealism.

Thus began a series of exchange

with the principal figures of these alternative film practices: documentary filmmakers such as Joris Ivens, Chris Marker, Agnès Varda and the father of Neorealism, Cesare Zavattini. Many of the artists interested in film were trained through these workshops at the ICAIC. These exchanges were crucial in developing a unique film practice, heavily indebted to the documentary tradition of post-World War II.

What's most striking about Cuban films is how they attempt to integrate all aspects of cultural, political and economic life. Many of the stories are based on oppositions between the righteousness of the revolution and the personal emancipation of the individual.

For all its progressive nature, Cuba has retained much of its machismo - though it is common practice in films to show women as revolutionary figures, many are unable to break out of patriarchal family traditions.

The retrospective features the complete filmography of Tomas Gutierrez Alea, perhaps the leading director and author of two crucial works in Cuban Cinema: *Memories of Underdevelopment* (March 28) and *The Death of a Bureaucrat* (March 21).

The Cuban Cinema festival began February 2 and runs through April at the Cinémathèque, 335 de Maisonneuve est. Call 842-9768 for details.

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The *Daily* is printing its Lesbian and Gay edition February 28. Today, a Valentine Gathering of the Queer Nation, to prepare the way. Writers, coordinators, artistes of the finer persuasions are welcome to converge at 14h, in Union B-03.

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Witches, wars and weapons against the self

by Katerina Cizek
and Natalie Edelson

Take two rituals and call the Goddess in the morning.

That's what a packed Rialto crowd of witches, faeries, neo-pagans and new agers heard Tuesday night, at a benefit for the National Film Board's Studio D's third film in the Women and Spirituality Trilogy.

The star-studded show was headlined by Starhawk, America's best-known witch, psychoanalyst and political activist, who is famous for books that integrate the spiritual with the political.

Addressing "Vision and Action: Making Peace in a World of War," Starhawk focused on the interconnectedness of everything. Yup, everything. The war, facials, San Francisco demos, and the ancient Goddess Tradition.

But most importantly, her soothing, mellow voice served to placate many alienated, fragmented white, middle-class selves who needed to hear that everything, yup, everything, is going to be all right. The way to do that, this city witch claimed, is to recognize the Goddess.

"We need to know and remember our history. We have not learned the right lessons. That's why I teach the ancient Goddess Tradition."

The Goddess Tradition, although purportedly ancient, is a curious late twentieth century construction. Starhawk didn't want to call it matriarchy, because "that implies mother rules. Rather, it's matrifocal." That implies woman-centered.

This Tradition spins around an essentialist concept of a feminine deity that new-agers pick up from various religions and cultures of the world. They take a cut and paste approach, and no culture is safe from their anthropology: the Goddess is the early Judeo-Christian Lilith, she's the Greek Gaia, she's Raven the Creator, she's Mother Earth and she's you and she's me.

Starhawk was not unaware of the problems inherent in this multimedia strategy of appropriation. "There's a problem of whites going to Natives, because Natives don't have enough resources. But the Goddess is our own. We must be allies of the Native people," she said.

But there's a fine line between ally and appropriator. Dana Williams, a First Nations artist reminded a McGill crowd last week that "appropriation happens when someone else becomes an expert on your experience."

"It is based on the colonialist practice of taking Native land, Native religion, Native languages, Native knowledge and even Native history."

Sputtering old dreams

Perhaps Starhawk and her admirers need to dig into the Others' religions because "Our old dreams have sputtered out. The myth of the fifties, the Land of the Free, for example. Communism too, was originally a powerful dream. Israel

was a powerful dream. These dreams are not living up to what we wanted."

The American dream may be a lost horizon, but American cultural imperialism is alive and kicking.

Starhawk did have some insightful comments about American imperialism in the Gulf. She condemned the doublespeak, the rhetoric that disguises death in language like 'collateral damage.' She urged activists "not to forget the things we were working on before the war started."

But she also had some personal complaints: "I had enough things to worry about before this war started."

Somehow, even her valid criticisms and observations melt down to narcissist, self-centered whines about how unfair it all is, and how the royal I just wants to feel good again.

How can one redeem and reinvest in the good old safe, essentialist, me myself and I? Why, ritual, of course.

The crowd didn't leave the Rialto disappointed. Starhawk led two very successful rituals throughout the course of her talk. She also generously recounted bang-up ritual stories.

For example, last Winter Solstice, Starhawk and her affinity group got together at their favorite San Francisco beach to take off their clothes and cleanse themselves in the water. But the weather was weird. "It was so cold, it was a deeply spiritual experience."

To prove how ritual interconnects everything, she cited one beauty party with her affinity group at which they "gave each other facials, did their nails and ate good things. Then we talked about the war, and set up a new meeting to discuss it further."

"In ritual," she claims, "we celebrate. We sing each others' names and celebrate our passages. Rituals say, 'hey, you're important.'" But do they change anything?

The chant she led with her nifty drum went, "She changes everything she touches, and everything she touches, changes."

The chant strangely echoed Montréal jazz singer, Michelle Sweeney's gutsy opening performance of "Everything Must Change." Change was also the theme of the screening of Joanna Priestly's *She-Bop*, an experimental short film about power, rage and the Goddess.

With lines like "From her breasts the rivers grow," and "the Goddess slays your ego," the film portrays the Goddess in crayon colours, changing from a snake to a tree, to a face to a penis to an arrow... to everything. Because the Goddess is everything.

Finally, the Goddess Tradition doesn't stray that far from western psychoanalysis, which leaps from the idea of the individual to the concept of society without a second thought.

But even the sceptics in the house nodded their heads in agreement when Starhawk reminded her audience to "mistrust a lot of what you see."



Stuff 'n things from CKUT Radio McGill

Artist	Title	Label
Meat Beat Manifesto	99%	Mute/WEA
Nine Inch Nails	Sin 12"	TVT/MCA
Holly Cole Trio	Girl Talk	Alert
Ambitious Lovers	Umbabarauma 12"	WEA
Various	Red Hot & Blue	MCA
Digital Poodle	Baltic Work Force cassette	Shadow
Doughboys	Happy Accidents	Restless
Skinny Puppy	Too Dark Park	Nettwerk
Schnitt Acht	Fire	Cheetah
Various artists	Crack Of the Belgian Whip	KK/Cargo
Godflesh	Streetcleaner	Earache/Combat
Steven Barry Band	Blues Under A Full Moon	Justin Time
Artillery Men	9G 12"	Circularphile
Happy Mondays	Pills 'n' Thrills and Bellyaches	WEA
Fat	Automat Hi-Life cassette	Czech release
Heretics	Mass Hysteria	Fringe
Parade	Call to Arms cassette	Shadow
Leftovers	Leftovers	Aggression
Command Co.	Command Co. cassette	Shadow
Out Out	D.W.I. 12"	Axis
Fishbone	Bonin' in the Boneyard	CBS
Jackofficers	Digital Dump	Rough Trade
Pogues	Hell's Ditch	Island
Various artists	Death of Vinyl	DO/entertainment
Natraj	The Goat Also Gallops	Accurate
Idées Noires	Ondes de Choc # 7 cass.	Lunatic Asylum
Phycus	Plow cassette	sef
The Sirens	The Sirens cassette	Ecstatomic
Dream Warriors	My Definition 12"	Island
Dave Holland Quartet	Extensions	ECM
Pigface	Spoon Breakfast	Invisible
Oxbow	Fuckfest	CFY
T. Flanagan/K. Barron	Together	Denon
Lounge Lizards	Voice of Chunk	Lagarto/Fusion III
Various artists	High Jack	Wax Trax/Cargo

Shaming the scribe with oral literacy

by Kathleen Hickey

There's a lot to write about the experience I had at the Intercultural Institute of Montréal on Tuesday night, but writing it will divorce you, the reader, from that very experience.

"That's the real problem with writing," Concordia communications professor Dr. Scott Eastham told his small audience on Tuesday night. "Literate cultures focus on expression rather than experience. The oral world is participatory, literacy technologizes the words."

I was scribbling notes furiously at this point - trying to get a record of everything that was said. I stopped for a minute and glanced around the room. Almost everyone else was writing too - even the people who brought tape-recorders.

So, what did I do? I wrote a note to myself that we were all writing. I didn't want to forget.

"We don't credit our own experience," Eastham said. Good quote, I thought, and wrote it down.

The irony began to sink in. I tried putting my pen down, but I couldn't. I was convinced I would miss something.

The lecture was the second in a series by Eastham, titled "The Abyss Between Us: Cultures and the Media." I missed the first one, but "The Shaman and the Scribe? Orality and Literacy: Strategies of Control" sounded too mysterious and interesting to pass up.

I wasn't prepared for what happened. I have never been to a lecture that encompassed so much, gave me so many ideas so easily.

GRAPHICS NOTE: In order not to divorce yourself from the experience of a graphic, credit your own experience and restructure your consciousness: draw your own graphic! (Any medium, but stay in lines and sign your work)

DAILY GRAPHIC: ETHAN ALLEN

But damn, Eastham's right! To express my experience in writing is an abstraction of the whole thing. I can try to recall every detail, summarize everything that was said and it isn't going to make you feel like you were there. So why read this? Indeed, why write it in the first place?

I've been puzzling over this for a day now. According to Eastham,

one of the best things about writing is that it allows you to restructure your consciousness. That's exactly what I need to do right now, but to ramble here would benefit me more than it would you.

Until I can grasp just what happened to me on Tuesday, however, I'm not writing anything. And the best service I can provide is to suggest you go to Eastham's next lec-

ture.

The Institute is a great place and Eastham is terrific. You know - there just aren't words.

The next lecture in the "Abyss Between Us" series will be held at the Intercultural Institute of Montréal, 4917 St. Urbain, on February 19, 19h. The cost is \$7 for students, seniors and the unemployed, and \$10 for others.

Chemical Imbalance

Early in *Chemical Imbalance* #10, editor Mike McGonigal (the first of many pseudonyms) savages a collection of 'modern Surrealist' writings, saying, "I can't shake the feeling that the Chicago Group is using this word to make a superfluous connection to a bunch of corpses."

This complaint is uncomfortably close to home for *Chemical Imbalance* itself.

The magazine is a 140-page, kamikaze collection of rantings, scribbles, reviews, scribbles, interviews and photos from and about 'outsider' culture, a magazine that launches itself with an essay called, "Art Brut in Preference to the Cultural Arts."

While a lot of the work is either intelligent or wild enough to make up for what it lacks in ideas, a lot of it is old news. The Art Brut essay, for example, was first printed in 1949. There are also excerpts from works by Mayakovsky (USSR,

1920's), Tristan Tzara (France, 'bout the same time), Peter Orlovsky (USA, '60s), and an interview with (gasp!) '40s 'Surrealist' Victor Brauner.

So what's 'McGonigal' on about?

Chemical Imbalance has a charming, amateurish fervor about it that makes up for the inconsistencies. Its pages are crammed, crammed, crammed - ads for proto-punk and post-punk music, psycho videos, and unsavory books line the trough, providing other avenues for those who like what they see.

And in the end, a little hero worship, especially of mid-century near-maniac artists, never hurt anyone. Better far than the volumes of World War, Civil War, Revolutionary War and Cowboy War glorification mags that dominate the historically-oriented magazine market.

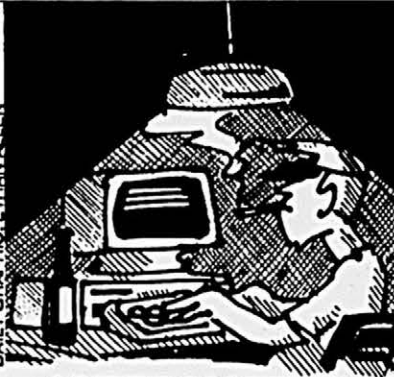
Speaking of cowboys, watch for one special treat in the current *Chemical Imbalance* ("the maga-

zine with a mouth full of wild cats"): a piece called "The Cowboy Philosopher" by Greil Marcus, setting his *Lipstick Traces* medley on Situationists, punk bands, Hegels and *enragés* to Gene Autry orchestration.

...And if you think that was name-dropping, wait! If you read *Chemical Imbalance*.

Chemical Imbalance, as all users know, can be costly - six or seven dollars. Find out more at P.O. Box 1656, Cooper Station, New York City, NY 10276 U.S.

C.W.



DAILY GRAPHIC: ETHAN ALLEN

ALTERNATIVE PRESS REVIEWS

Connexions

If you are reading this section of the *Daily*, you might be interested in *Connexions: A Social Change Sourcebook*. The 50-page booklet catalogues mostly Canadian alternative resources, providing brief synopses of the stuff they contain.

Connexions builds links through submissions collected and organized by a non-profit collective in Toronto. Anyone working on social issues in Canada can use it to hook into books, magazines, newsletters, and teaching kits from their field.

And once a year *Connexions* publishes a thicker, book-sized special issue. The resulting compendium is like an all-Canada activist's little black book, helping you do your own networking.

In regular issues, excerpts are reprinted in and among the listings, making *Connexions* a good read on its own. The material is patchy, but probably a reasonable reflection of the real world of Canadian social activism, patches and all.

January's issue (number 53) starts out with an editorial against the Gulf War, and includes a few words from other Canada publications with the same bent.

The pages that follow are corralled into five large subject areas, divided yet again into small subject areas like "Economy/Pov-

Musicworks

The quotation on the cover of the most recent issue (48) of *Musicworks*, "the Canadian Journal of Sound Exploration" pretty well sums up its approach:

"I know the sort of pleasure I can get by sitting down and playing 'The Shadow of Your Smile'. But I don't know the sort of pleasure I can get by playing with my random number generator in a 19-tone-to-the-octave scale with timbres that sound like barbed wires being

scraped on a hog's back," says composer Warren Burt.

Musicworks, which comes in both magazine and cassette form, is published three times a year by Toronto's Music Gallery, the only stable forum in the country for senseless noisemaking except maybe the House of Commons.

Mostly directed from one composer to another, but with a dash of populism to smooth out the mix, *Musicworks* examines the doings of those music-makers who dote on accidental, experimental or just plain unpalatable methods of making music.

In recent issues, they've been pursuing a series called "The Politics of Music/the Music of Politics," which in No. 48 translates to a 'motivation' interview with Burt, an expatriate American, about why he's chosen to work in the Australian political-cultural scene instead of staying home.

There's also an interview with John Oswald, whose non-profit 'Plunderphonics' CDs were seized and destroyed by the music industry last year for blaspheming the sacred image of Michael Jackson.

As Oswald says, "None of them can get a handle on why someone would create something, except to make money."

Musicworks is a welcome exception to this music-business rule. It's also visually stimulating, well-written and only occasionally dry and obscurantist. That stigma is sometimes remedied by sending off for each issue's cassette complement - though some of the music is more fun to read about than to hear.

Magazine-format *Musicworks* is fairly easy to locate in Montréal's better magazine outlets, where it goes for four bucks, and the cassettes often turn up as prize finds in used music shops. But if you can't find them there, write the Music Gallery, 1087 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont. M6J 1H3.

H.M.



Revving up the anarcho-rumblings

by Susana Béjar

Months ago, observers were preparing to wipe sad or vengeful things from their eyes as the collapse of the Alternative Bookstore loomed imminently on Montréal's political horizon.

Then, weeks ago, smart little posters began to dot the city, advertising what appears to be a rejuvenated, revved up bookstore, complete with fresh blood, fresh stock, and fresh enthusiasm.

This is the story of the little anarchist engine that could, or - as it is known affectionately by some - "the bookstore."

Founded in 1977 by about 50 anti-authoritarians, the bookstore has survived a rowdy, rocky, radical road to the unique position it occupies today as Canada's only anarchist bookstore.

Birth place of l'Androgyne bookstore, refuge for the casualties of labour fiascos at Black Rose Books (Montréal's anarchist publishing house), the bookstore has been a focal point for much of Montréal's anarcho-rumbling.

But as anyone who visits the bookstore, or Librairie, can tell you, the last few years have been rough. The store's hours were erratic, the browsing material wasn't what it used to be, and its political presence within the city had shrunk dramatically.

Volunteer collectives take their

toll on people, sort of like radiation. It seemed to many people that the Librairie collective had exhausted its half-life. But the few fatigued individuals who remained have picked things up, called their friends, and managed to keep this crazy show on the road.

Norman, a member of the collective, has worked at the bookstore since the early eighties.

"The wear and tear on the volunteers was very natural. There were no specific problems," said Norman, quashing rumours that at the root of the bookstore's troubles was a deep, dark political identity crisis.

"The important thing is to look towards the future. We're still growing. There is a healthy respect for anti-authoritarianism in this city. That's helped keep us alive," said Norman.

Today Librairie Alternative boasts a bouncing baby collective of eight enthusiasts, including three women (where before there were none), and it shows. You can trust the hours they advertise for business, and there's new stuff to read.

"People are happy about the way things are going," said Michelle, a new member of the collective. "The collective was having a hard time. It dwindled to a few people, but now a whole bunch have joined and it's given us a fresh perspective on things."

Hours are regular, debts are being paid off, and selection is touching on a greater variety of interests (within the anarchist or libertarian mode, of course). That means more gay and lesbian, animal rights, and feminist literature.

"It makes a difference having women on the collective. Boys aren't going to order the same things on their own," said Michelle.

A concerted effort is also underway to return the bookstore to a place where people can do more than just buy books, magazines and buttons. The bookstore also encourages people to drop off their own pamphlets and zines.

"We'd like to become more of a centre of activity showing films, holding discussions, meetings, and the like," said Michelle.

Activity number one happens this weekend, with a screening of two excellent videos on political prisoners and prisoners of war in the U.S., *Resistance Conspiracy* and *The Lexington Control Unit*. Everyone is welcome.

Librairie Alternative is open for your browsing, reading, and buying pleasures Saturday and Monday to Wednesday from 12h to 18h and Thursday, Friday from 12h to 21h. You can find it on the second floor of 2035 St-Laurent, behind that great urban mural above Ontario St. The movies will be shown at 15h on February 17.



Creationists put a muzzle on the Beagle

by Dan Robins

The young man flipped through a children's book, and showed me a picture. It was of a rotted creature being hauled from the water by a Japanese fishing trawler. "It's awesome," he said, "but it stunk so bad they threw it back in."

It was supposed to be a plesiosaur, and was (of course) proof that evolution is a fraud, and that God created the world in six days. The young man, you see, was a creationist, and he was trying to sell me a book.

Creationism is a strange beast; you cut off its head, and it doesn't notice. Its proponents believe that in the beginning God created, and evolution just didn't happen. And Darwin was a godless Unitarian, so what can you expect?

It would all be irrelevant, except that last weekend McGill hosted a debate over the whole question. The Creation Science Associations of Québec and Ontario imported Duane Gish to represent them. Gish is from San Diego's Institute for Creation Research, and holds a PhD in biochemistry. Defending reason was Graham Bell, a biology prof at McGill.

By the time the debate started, the auditorium was overflowing. Spectators ran the full gamut from men overheard discussing Revelations to biology students out to cheer for their prof. (At one point, a few

of them yelled out, "Give 'em hell, Dr. Bell!")

While things were just getting started, a pro-evolution pamphlet was passed out to the audience, raising hackles from some. The woman beside me, a genuine God-fearin' creationist, flagged down an organizer, and demanded, *Does Dr. Gish know about this?* The pamphlet talked about some of the more obvious idiocies of Biblical creationism, with specific reference to Gish himself.

When Gish began his presentation, my neighbour really got into the spirit of the debate. She supported him in proper revivalist fashion, applauding him regularly and seemingly without discrimination. If Gish preached it, it must be right — right?

During the brief intermission, we had a short discussion. Her comment on Bell's presentation was simple. *It was boring, so I fell asleep.* She then demanded that I

name some fossils transitional between major groups of animals. I asked her if she thought that palaeontologists were lying about *Archaeopteryx*, *Probainognathus*, and all the rest. *Yes — of course!*

The debate itself was nothing new. Certainly Bell had the better case — it would have been hard for him not to. Gish held himself to rather traditional attacks on evolution, misconstruing the Theory of Evolution and rewriting the Second Law of Thermodynamics.

At one point, he was reduced to using as evidence an article taken from England's *Daily Express*. Bell's later comment told the story: "Those of you not familiar with the *Daily Express* may not realize that Dr. Gish is probably the only person ever to believe anything they've printed."

The main problem with the debate was that Gish didn't really present a case. The typical creationist platform rests on such things as the Fall, Noah's flood and the Tower of Babel. This is how imperfect adaptations, the fossil record and the diversity of human races are explained. But Gish refused to talk about these, and Bell wasn't left much to rebut. All he could do was point to the silliness of Gish's attacks on evolution.

Then came question period. Questions ranged from silly, to confused, all the way to somewhat

inciteful. The lowest moment came when someone asked the dreaded "But where did God come from?" question, followed by the dreaded creationist answer ("But where did matter come from?").

The most fun was Gish being asked what the consequences of a belief in evolution were. He surprised everyone by saying that drug use ("which is destroying the minds and bodies of today's youth") was a major result. I laughed, and the woman beside me informed me that what he really meant was that people have lost their self respect. I told her my drug-using friends all have enormous self-respect, but I don't think she was convinced.

Then she got up to ask her own question, the very last of the day. Unfortunately, it made no sense, and she got into an argument with Bell about what she was really asking. *Don't pretend you don't understand, she charged, you just don't know the answer!*

It's hard to believe that this sort of debate could happen in 1991. Darwin's little voyage took place almost 150 years ago — you'd have thought we would know better by now. But anachronisms like Duane Gish, and the woman who sat beside me, and the man selling the books, are still around.

So fight the scientific dishonesty of creationism. Support evolution. Take a drug.



DAILY GRAPHIC: ETHAN ALLEN

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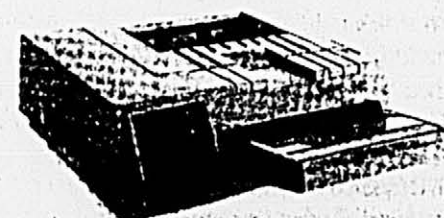
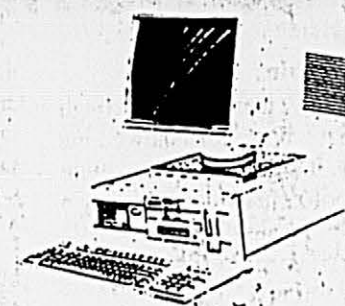
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LETTERS

Gulf War and Famine

To the Daily:

It seems that the world community, while very anxious to help certain African nations fight famine in their respective countries, is not at all concerned with the main cause: civil war. While we organize benefits to send food to these war-torn nations, we also supply these governments with another form of aid: arms.

So as a consequence, food is left to rot on our docks while the weapons are hurriedly shipped to whatever government faction we see fit to support. The contradiction is obvious and well-documented.

How might the Gulf War fit into all of this. Geographically, most of the famine-stricken countries comprise the Horn of Africa - Ethiopia, Somalia, and the Sudan - and are directly across the Red Sea. The presence of the UN coalition's warships is preventing the necessary relief from reaching this area (hopefully the arms are as equally affected). Politically, perhaps in the aftermath of the war, the UN can use it's newfound clout to influence these nations into ceasing all internal hostilities. By force, I do include the use of force as condoned by the member nations of the UN.

As I understand it, if the UN's resolutions are to be followed, implicit in them must be this threat of force (all our laws work this way and will continue to be effective in this manner). When the Gulf War ends the UN's historical impotency ends as well, enabling it to help alleviate the suffering of these people by: 1. ending the political strife in these countries; 2. setting up effective relief stations; 3. ensuring economic stability.

An ideal world we do not live in and maybe some will call this new U.N. a bully or puppet, but perhaps it is best to live by ideals, and hope that they manifest themselves in our actions.

Steven Roy
Arts U3



Media double-standard?

To the Daily:

This attitude that you can say nothing about Israel without displaying "thinly veiled anti-Israelism" and even anti-Semitism is beyond me. So many American and Canadian Jews have spoken out against the supposedly representative view of the major Jewish groups - which says no matter who is in power in Israel we must have solidarity.

What if it was Kahane or the two fascists - and what they propose does amount to genocide - Shamir just appointed? What if they started "trans-

fer?" People are saying the army has already drawn up plans to deport 100 000 to 200 000 Palestinians to Jordan. Would this be bloodless, David Romano and Jonathan Ari Shime? I ask you, since you are so quick to call people racist in your letters to the Daily, would you speak out if there were massacres? Or would you say they deserved it, the Arabushim, the Arab cockroaches?

And David Romano, what was so wrong with that article on anti-Arab racism? You cannot deny that Israelis were portrayed on TV with relative sympathy compared to Iraqis, whose country and families are being crushed. Even if they were bombing Iraq with chocolate, as someone said, they would have crushed it. Possibly a hundred thousand are dead and wounded, and the TV begged us to feel for the Israelis - of course nobody cares for the people in occupied Palestine who've been under curfew for three weeks. You cannot deny this is propaganda, and racist propaganda at that.

And yes, it's true people assume the Jewish community monolithically supports Israel. The Gazette recently had a story, "Montréal Jews and their love for Israel," or something to that effect. That's revolting. If we saw a story, "Afrikaaners and their love for South Africa," we might first puke - and the comparison is, if anything, unfair to South Africa - and then we would wonder if all Afrikaaners, especially those in the "Diaspora" really love that place, bastion of white supremacy among the "barbaric hordes" of blacks (or Arabs, in Israel's case) that it is.

John Marlanov
BCom 1

Hidden Agenda

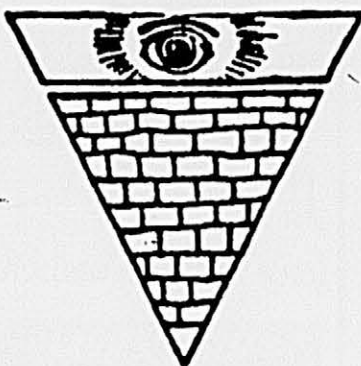
To the Daily:

Re: Getting an Ulster (February 7)
Carl Wilson's review of *Hidden Agenda* was admirable to the extent that it attempted to avoid too quick a judgment concerning the truth of Ulster politics - refreshing in the light of the current climate of Manichean reductivism over Iraq. But hang on a minute further. Let's agree that democracy in Ulster is a sham; on a spectrum ranging from employment opportunity to the rule of law and due process, the Catholic community is at a severe disadvantage.

Yet, to talk of the heroes of the piece being the "citizens of Northern Ireland, struggling against the Union Jacks" is not useful. Whatever the case before 1921, it remains the case that the majority is not remotely pro union with Eire. I'd rather say they were, but they're not. Talk of "British occupiers" perpetuates quite misleading rhetoric.

Certainly the Protestants so-called may not remain the majority for long, but let's remember that the issue can no longer be seen in religious terms this rapidly. Sinn Féin has not limited itself to the goal of liberation from British imperialism but has had every intention of radically transforming Eire (along unfortunately vague Marxist lines - my emphasis being on "vague" rather than "Marxist").

That aside, C.W. may have his chronology somewhat squint. Harold Wilson hardly gave way to Thatcher. Whatever Wilson's failed "consensus



politics" did for domestic life, his foreign policy is not something the left (who is this supposed to be?) can be proud of - witness his record on South Africa. The Ulster question hasn't been a Conservative versus Labour question in any essential detail for generations.

Andrew Young

Ed. note: The connections you're addressing were made by Hidden Agenda, not the Daily.

What about the Iraqis?

To the Daily:

I can very well understand Julie Bayle's frustration at the chauvinism of many Americans and Canadians symbolized by the slogan: "Pray for our soldiers" ("McGill students induce desperation," the Daily, February 6).

Last night we were introduced by Bill Cameron of the CBC Journal to what he called "the group of people in Canada most directly affected by the war" (I don't remember his exact words), namely the relatives and friends of Canadian mercenaries fighting in the American-Arab war. A pretty Halifax girl told us how worried she is about her pilot boyfriend. We were told that at Dalhousie University there is a whole committee of clergy and shrinks to comfort people like her.

I don't want to belittle the very real anguish felt by those people. (Some of them may have strong doubts about the justice of this war.) But there is a group of people in Canada whose anguish is much much greater: people who have relatives at the receiving end of the bombs in Iraq, who do not know whether those relatives are alive or dead (so far not a single Canadian pilot has been killed), who, unlike the families of the Canadian military, cannot send or receive messages from their loved ones by telephone or otherwise. No one cares a shit about this group, except the Canadian branch of the CIA (I believe it is called CSIS officially).

Jan W. Weryho
Islamic Studies
Cataloguer

Prickly letters

To the Daily:

Congratulations to members of McGill for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (META) - who argue for animal rights - and Nursing rep Mark Saul - who argues for the right of aboriginals to trap - for having kissed and made up (McGill Daily, February 11). It is refreshing to see partisans of both sides of

an issue show flexibility and discover their points of view are really not that different after all. When both parties examined the specific areas of dispute, they found a great deal of common ground, which enabled them to forge a consensus.

If only the many contributors of blindly pro-Arab and pro-Israeli letters showed similar flexibility, they would recognize the legitimate concerns of their so-called enemies. Each side purports to have the monopoly on truth and righteousness. If each would just recognize their common humanity and try to see things from the other's perspective, they might be surprised to learn the Middle East is big enough for both of them. They might stop battling shadows and start acquainting themselves with reality. They might even put down their guns and begin creating a liveable society, rather than one whose citizens dwell in hate and fear.

One more thing, boys and girls: a bit of respect and good-natured humour, all right? The vindictiveness and contempt many letter writers display for each other turns my oh-so-fragile stomach. I won't name names. You know who you are. Please take note: your spite doesn't help your argument any. In fact, it's fuelling the whole Middle Eastern mess as you read this.

Mark Carter
Music U1

Censorship - when and where?

To the Daily:

This letter was handed to the Gazette and not printed:

Despite our press release no coverage was given to the Women's Gulf Peace Initiative (January 7-11, 1991) when and where a Canadian representative Maude Barlow of the Voice of Women went as part of an international delegation of women's organizations to Baghdad. This delegation was not a group of politicians. It was a group of concerned women from different parts of the globe that sought, in meeting and discussing with officials in Iraq, a possible sane alternative to the then dangerously escalating situation.

We now have a war. Censorship for reasons of national security we accept. But is it too frightening to realize that the war and its aftermath will affect, directly and indirectly, you, me, and the kids? Was the public not to know there were alternatives?

The sanctions were not given a chance. Nor were the negotiations. Five months of preparations for the offensive, five minutes of "peace talks".

The message these women brought back was that there was willingness on the part of the Iraqi officials to talk.

It should never be too late to talk.

Mireille Coulourides
The Voice of Women and
Women for Mutual Security



Otto?

To the Daily:

Just as the scientist tests the frontiers of knowledge, I believe it the role of the artist to test the bounds of society. In doing so, both have their constraints of course. However, in a world where movie stars are harassed by crazed fans, and authors must go into hiding to save their lives, it seems the artist faces those that are most life-threatening. Often, a struggle between artistic freedom and personal safety plagues the minds of those exploring social barriers.

There are many ways to alleviate this struggle. "Personal safety consultants" have helped many an actor/tress and the pseudonym remains the trusted friend of the author. In practice, it is everyone's right to know the art form, but, after all, no one's right to know the artist. Certainly a paper that claims to be promoting social change should understand this argument quite clearly.

Why then would the Daily disallow this sense of security to their contributors? Why would they abandon the ideal environment for artistic freedom at the slightest converging of the masses?

In short: Where did Otto go?

Alan Smlthee
U2 Science



MY UNCLE GEORGE
WANTS YOU!

Ironie title

To the Daily:

I found Carl Wilson and Susana Béjar's Comment of Monday, February 11, 1991, to be both useful and insightful. The anti-war movement must critically and constructively review its strategies, agenda and goals. However, quoting the Irish Republican Army does not lend any credence to their argument. On the contrary. Indeed it seems ironic to quote this terrorist group under a title which reads "No blood for boredom." The IRA have contributed greatly to the reign of terror in Northern Ireland and should at all times be viewed with contempt.

Sally Shortall
Sociology
Special Student

Jan W. Weryho, one of your letters (the one not being printed today) is too long. Come edit it. Stephen Hendrie, yours also needs cutting.

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Thursday 14 February

"Have a heart for animals" Day. 'Cruelty-free' products raffle, T-shirts. Groups like META and the SPCA will be there. FREE. Union 107/8.

Demonstrate with Amnesty International to call on the Brazilian government to investigate the murder of Expedito Ribeiro de Souza. Brazilian Consulate, 2000 Mansfield. 11h30.

New members to Troops Out are welcome to a mobilization committee meeting. FREE. Union 425/6, 3480 McTavish. 16h.

Bring an instrument or your voice to musical good-guy Ben Stein. He is giving a workshop on Music for the Theatre. Morrice Hall Theatre. 16h30.

Get together with MAIS (Association of International Students). Info: 487-0592. Newman Centre. 16h30.

Friends of First Nations are meeting. FREE. Info: 842-0906. Leacock 738. 17h.

Students for Global Responsibility are meeting. Current project is a consumer guide for students. FREE. Info: 286-0743. Union 425, 18h30.

McGill Film Society presents "The Princess Bride." Leacock 132. 19h30.

Single on Valentine's Day? Go to this new singles group. Info: Joyce 849-2398. Side door, St. James United Church, 1435 City Councillors. 19h30.

Lonely? Go to the Student Council meeting. Union 107, 19h30.

McGill University Band plays. FREE. Pollack Hall, 20h.

"Macbeth" continues. \$4.00 students and seniors. \$8.00 general. Info: 398-6813. Players' Theatre, Union building, 20h.

Friday 15 February

Gerald Wheeler plays organ. FREE. Redpath Hall. 12h15.

Jazz Ensemble I plays. FREE. Pollack Hall, 555 Sherbrooke West. 20h.

William Butt plays cello. FREE. Redpath Hall. 20h.

Saturday 16 February

Sovereignty for first nations demonstration. Info: 598-2444. Starts at Parc Lafontaine (and Sherbrooke), 13h.

More first nations sovereignty stuff. Public meeting with Loran Thompson, at 1601 Delorimier (Papineau Metro). 14h30.

Sunday 17 February

UofT's Hart House Orchestra plays. Redpath Hall. 14h.

Monday 18 February

Therese Blanchet speaks on Purdah stereotyping. FREE. 3725 Peel, Seminar Room 100. 12h30.

CKUT journalism workshop. Learn to write and read news. Info: Mark Sloane 398-6787. Union B-09. 19h.

Friday 22 February

Deadline for submissions to The Pillar. Drop them off at the SSMU desk at 3480 McTavish or at 3479 Peel, 3rd Floor.

Maybe you're a man who likes romping with other men...Daily, Union B-03, 14h today.

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Toute personne qui présente cette annonce et sa carte d'étudiant(e), de professeur(e) ou d'employé(e) de l'Université McGill au restaurant Giorgio de La Cité (3575, avenue du Parc) a droit à un rabais de 1,00\$ sur le repas de son choix.

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GIORGIO

Cette offre prend fin
le 28 février 1991.
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CLASSIFIEDS

Ads may be placed through the Daily business office, room B-17, Union Building, 9h00 - 14h00. Deadline is 14h00, two days prior to date of publication.

McGill students: \$3.50 per day; \$2.50 for 3 consecutive days, \$2.25 for 4 or more consecutive days. McGill Faculty and Staff: \$4.50 per day. All others: \$5.00 per day. There is a 25 word limit. There will be a charge of 25¢ for each word over the limit. Boxed ads are available at \$4.00 per ad per day - no discounts on boxing. EXACT CHANGE ONLY PLEASE.

The Daily assumes no financial responsibility for errors, or damage due to errors. Ad will re-appear free of charge upon request if information is incorrect due to our error. The Daily reserves the right not to print any classified ad.

341 - Apts., Rooms, Housing

Available - room immediately. Price negotiable, 1 min. from McGill, female preferred. Call 499-0043.

Must-see! Bright, spacious, 4 1/2, to sublet (or share with other female). Near Atwater metro, reduced, available immediately. Call Krista: 931-7083. Don't be shy, leave a message.

Roommate needed: To share 4 1/2 Westmount apartment - fully furnished, spacious, 2 minutes from every convenience (laundry in building) - rent \$325 (heat included) call 939-3763.

Available immediately - to share 5 1/2 with two others. Awesome location: Henri-Julien & Duluth, fully renovated, furnished, fireplace, cool room-mates, \$270 (negotiable). Please call 286-0506/ or 281-5799.

343- Movers/Storage

Moving/Storage. Closed van. Will transport you and your goods safely. Local and long distance. Cheap. Steve 735-8148.

Large Econoline Van - for moving local & long distance. Reliable with reasonable rates. Alex, 324-3794.

350 - Jobs

Bartenders - Get yourself a very lucrative part-time job. The Master School of Bartending offers training courses and placement service. 2021 Peel St. (Peel Metro). 849-2828 (student discounts).

Make \$4000-\$5000 in two months tree planting in B.C. If you are fit, tough, and a hard worker, the cash is yours! Bruno 935-5995

352 - Help Wanted

Help wanted: legal review of language laws. Qualifications: interest in public policy. Compensation: joint authorship of new "Federalist paper." Publisher: Task Force on Federalism. Contact: D.C. Donderi, days 398-6130, evs. 486-3631.

Stuff envelopes at home in your spare time. Earn \$2 per envelope. For more information send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: Lucrative Enterprises, Box 1193, Station B, Montreal, PQ H3B 3K9.

356 - Typing Services

Success to all students in 1990-91. Theses, term papers, resumés, etc. Bilingual. 21 years of experience. 7 days a week. \$1.75 double spaced. IBM. On McGill Campus. Peel St. CALL Paulette Vigneault 288-9638 or Roxanne 288-0016.

Resumes by MBAs. Quality, service, satisfaction. Student discounts - Better Business Bureau member. See Yellow Pages ad. Prestige (on Guy). 939-2200.

Girl Friday. Term papers, resumés, manuscripts, mailing lists, correspondence. 9:00-6:00 (7 days) laser printer. 937-8495 (Atwater).

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358 - Services Offered

At La Langattheque, exchange English for French, Spanish or other, and make new friends. Cheap, efficient, and fun. 597-0680.

Laminations: have your diplomas, poster, pictures, etc last forever; get them laminated by professionals. Quality work available at student prices. Call Suzanne: 696-7676.

361 - Articles for Sale

Single bed-box spring and mattress for sale. New and in excellent condition. From Sears. \$100. Call 843-8985.

Russian army watches - wind ups - only \$90. Army pins, hats, coats - 100% cotton t-shirts \$7, down coats from \$50. EXXA Military surplus 550 President Kennedy.

EXXA - No GST or PST on clothing - down coats from \$50. Men-women-100% cotton t-shirts \$7, long-sleeved t-shirts \$12.95, wool socks, leotards 100% cotton \$12.95. 550 President Kennedy.

For sale: Large desk, good condition. \$200. Please call 485-1379.

370 - Rides

Driving to Boston? Do you have any room for an extra person? I am looking for a ride, will split all expenses. Call Anne-Marie 527-3890.

♥♥♥ Valentines ♥♥♥

Kenneth, you make me totally dizzy. Happy Valentine's day, Mitu.

Bessie May - Poppa always said you were the sweetest girl that ever lived. Plus you do things to my namesake that can't be duplicated. Love, Vulva Mae.

Love and kisses for Valentine's day. From a fuzzy to a wuzzy. See you in Twin Peaks.

Jody Q. You have all the right moves. T.W.

Je t'aime à la folie ...
Je t'aime à la folie ...
Je t'aime à la folie ...
Je t'aime à la folie ...
... la viell
à T.Q. de LaRoche

Message one to 'H' from "Fuzzy Wuzzy." Received Thursday at 9:31 am "Happy Valentine's Day from your favourite demented button pusher. Love Fuzzy Wuzzy XOXOXO" End of message. End of mailbox.

Kireina Hanachan - Ichiban Kireina onna noko desu. Atsu atsuda. Kichi gai dakara. Tom yori.

Tomomi, remember last year's Valentine's Day? Bikkuri shita. Wish I was with you today. See you soon. Love Tom.

Dear M.T., thanks for seven months of friendship. We've shared so much, cared so much, loved so much. Trying times were many, but through it all, our friendship has endured. And on this day, remembering our sweet friendship has endured. And on this day, remembering our sweet friendship and our special memories, it is so fitting to tell you that I love you, always have ... always will. Love, R.G.

Elephant - this ad is actually mine. It is! It is! Happy Valen-thing-a-ma-bob from your lovey, snuggles ladybug or whatever. I wuv you.

To Helen 2: The Coming of The White Rose shall be God's second sign.

To Elaine: I don't know who the idiot is who keeps telling you I love you, but I hate you as much as you hate me. Fuck off, Elvis.

374 - Personals

Is your closet getting too small? Gays and Lesbians of McGill offers an information/counseling talkline. Call with questions, problems or just to talk. Phone 398-6822 or drop by Union 417 M-F, 7-10.

Awake at 2:30am with noone to speak to? Call McGill Nightline 398-6246. 6pm to 3am nightly. We love to listen!

To our illustrious leader: May the glory days continue forever. Happy birthday, Mang ... and don't let your electorate find out about the pre-amp. P.O.F.

Male student in Philo, 28, searches a sweet woman, 18-30, French or speaking French, for friendship or more (woman only). Alain: 271-1283.

383 - Lessons Offered

LSAT, GMAT and GRE preparation courses - Take our 20 hour intensive weekend courses prior to each exam. Tuition fee - \$190. For information call 1 800 387-5519.

Creative writing workshop w/Charlotte Hussey starts 27 February, 7-10 pm, at Centre Strathearn, 3680 Jeanne-Mance. Register by 18 Feb: 849-0552.

385 - Notices

Lesbian/Gay discussion group held Fridays at The Yellow Door Coffee House (3625 Aylmer) at 17:30.

If you need help sorting out your legal problems call or drop by the McGill Legal Information Clinic in January. We're here for you from M to Fri., 10-5 pm. • 398-6792 • Rooms B20, B21, B01B of the Student Union Building.

Audition February 22nd. Singer-Actor(s) Musical Revue. Call 487-1204 after 5:00 pm.

Pray for peace - A 15 minute prayer vigil takes place every noon hour in the University Chapel, 3520 University. Union 425/26 at 7:00 pm.

Have a Heart for Animals day.
Thurs. Feb. 14, 10-4:00 pm.
'Cruelty-free' products raffle, new t-shirts, many groups from Animal Lib. to SPCA.
Rm 107/8 Union.

389 - Musicians Wanted

Professional and volunteer sopranos, altos, tenors and basses for Shaare Zion Synagogue Choir. For information and audition please call 486-3298.

393 - Parking Services

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DEADLINE

Tuesday, February 26, 1991, 13h00

Nomination forms available at
Union 105 (SSMU counter).

**Eric Steinman - CEO
Elections McGill**

Notice of Referenda
March 12, 13, 14, 1991
on the following topics:

Post-Graduate Secession
Affirmative Action
New Constitution
(details to appear after study break)

